

**For I am not**

Ah my love...  
Nothing is unknown to me  
You are a flower upon which dew might nestle  
And Time may yet covet  
Sweet and turgid is the drop  
Upon which you are nourished  
...and into this moment  
All others are anointed and spun  
As prism and light bend color into hue  
A splash upon your cheek  
—for I am not—  
And glad of the sight  
Which remains.

For the world is cleansed  
of ending.

As pebbles of glass crushed into light  
and shimmering dust  
A diamond's heart crushed, cast out  
As plume and dust spent in shifting sun  
Prismed color ripples in wrinkled air  
Graced with a diamond's heart  
Flecked in prismed mist  
The shimmering air  
So pure  
Crushed into dust and plume  
Are all past worlds  
Burnt up into prismed mist.

So are all old places  
Conjoined and recast  
In light.

Shimmering drops of silver  
Skating downward upon web  
Trickling as sound—is light.  
Poured diamond, bashful and winking  
Teases and covets the silver moments  
Drops of light  
Nestled in folds, of clear liquid jewel  
So is the sound of diamond light  
Once tasted  
So pure is the prism  
Of Time's spending.

Oh how glad is sight  
Once spent  
For I am gone

Now  
I can not refuse.

I am glad  
For I was foolish  
and now  
Only sight remains.

I am but gone  
A hollow  
A shout...long faded into nothing  
So am I  
Tragedy spent  
Cleansed  
Forgotten.

For I am lost.

Ah... my love  
You remain  
Looking  
Nestled within my hollow heart  
Now unbeaten  
But an echo  
Long forgotten...and unimportant.

I am blessed  
Blessed, and long dead.  
Only you, can see  
Only you, can hear  
Only you, are worthy  
Of what remains:

Of the swollen arch of a glad heaven  
Light spills down  
Poured and pouring  
Prismed and dancing  
Cupped in tender leaf and green palm  
Trickling as silver rippled sound, folds  
...and retreats  
Into the clear marrow of time  
...and spills forth  
Glad and full  
Silver and pure  
Drop by round drop  
So swollen and glad is the heart  
Of new light.

How beautiful is what remains  
So perfect is the sound  
Of sight recast  
In still air.

How perfect is what remains.

Oh, my love  
Please take this from me  
It is too beautiful, and you must have it  
...for I am gone.

Oh, how glad am I  
How perfect, is what remains.

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